

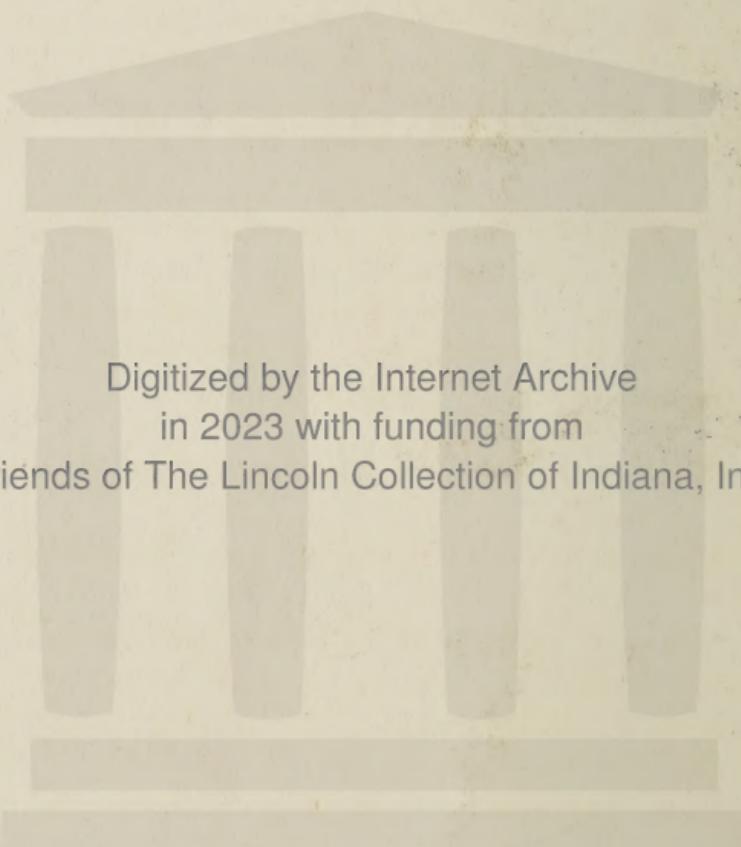
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The Lincoln Pew

By Lyman Whitney Allen



[President Lincoln's Pew is in the
New York Avenue Presbyterian
Church of Washington, D. C.]



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WITHIN the historic church both eye
and soul

Perceived it. 'Twas the pew where
Lincoln sat—

The only Lincoln God hath given to men—
Olden among the modern seats of prayer,
Dark like the 'sixties, place and past akin.
All else has changed, but this remains the
same,

A sanctuary in a sanctuary.

Where Lincoln prayed!—What passion
had his soul—

Mixt faith and anguish melting into prayer
Upon the burning altar of God's fane,
A nation's altar even as his own!

Where Lincoln prayed!—Such worshipers
as he

Make thin ranks down the ages. Would'st
thou know

His spirit suppliant? Then must thou feel
War's fiery baptism, taste hate's bitter cup,
Spend similar sweat of blood vicarious,
And sound like cry, "If it be possible!"
From stricken heart in new Gethsemane.

Who saw him there are gone, as he is gone;
The pew remains, with what God gave
him there,

And all the world through him. So let it
be—

One of the people's shrines.

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